## ORLEANS COUNTY MONITOR.

VOL. 1.

BARTON, VT., MONDAY, JANUARY 29, 1872.

NO. 4.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

CUTLER & GOSS, MANUFACTURERS of Carriages and Sleighs.

E. G. STEVENS, Barton Landing, Vt. CURGEON DENTIST

PROPRIETOR of the Orleans County Marble Works.
Foreign and American Marble, Gravestones,
Monuments, &c.

FRED. H. MORSE, PAINTER. Painting, Glazing, Graining, White-washing and Paper-Hanging. All work done in te best style and satisfaction guaranteed. Saws filed

J. N. WEBSTER,

LAIRE INSURANCE AGENT, J. N. WEBSTER, DHOTOGRAPHER. Dealer in Stereose

oval, square, and rustic Frames of all kinds. WARNER BROTHERS, MINSMITHS. All kinds of jobbing executed with

our assortment of Sugar Tools before purchasing DALE & ROBINSON.

A TTORNEYS and Counselors at Law, Barton, Vt. GEO, N DALE. J. B. ROBINSON J. L. WOODMAN. DEALER IN BOOTS, SHOES, and findings of the best kind and quality. Offered cheap for cash, Store over A. & J. L. Twombly's.

MRS. GEO. C. DAVIS, DANT AND VEST MAKER,

A. & J. L. TWOMBLY, HOLESALE and retail dealers in Flour, Corn, WHOLESALE and retail usual Oils, Hardware, Pork and Lard, Paints and Oils, Hardware, est India Goods, Groceries, Butter and Cheese 2
Aanon Twomery.

J. L. Twomery.

WHOLESALE dealer in Flour, Grain, W. I. Goods, Groceries, Lime. Plaster, Oil, Fish. Salt, Iron, l, Nails, Glass, &c., Depot Store, Barton, Vt.

WM. W. GROUT. A TTORNEY and Councelor at Law and Claim Agent.
Will attend the courts in Orleans and Caledonia

W. W. EATON. A TTORNEY AT LAW and Solicitor in Chancery.
Will attend courts in Orleans and Caledonia Prompt attention given to collections.

RARBER AND HAIR DRESSER,

WANTED. 100,000 feet of nice, Spruce Lumber, cut 13 et long, I 1-4 inches thick, without regard to width, id 100,000 feet of Hard Wood Lumber, same length

nd one inch thick. Also a quantity of Basswood, by C. H. DWINELL. Dealer in all kinds of Hard and Soft Wood Lumber Office in Skinner & Drew's building, Barton, Vt.

SIGNS.

SIGNS.

L. R. WOOD, Jr.,

would say to merchants and all who need signs, that

As well as can be done in the City,

AT COUNTRY PRICES

Take down that rusty old sign and have a splendid

HAD YOU THOUGHT OF IT?

our orders now. Barton, Vt., Jan. 4, 1872

CLOSING OUT.

GOODS AT COST.

My stock of goods are almost ENTIRELY NEW

-AND-

BOUGHT FOR CASH

en for years and must all be sold by the first day of March next, without fail.

COME AND BUY GOODS AT YOUR OWN PRICE ALMOST.

STORE, DWELLING HOUSE

-AND-

## BARN FOR SALE.

also a Blacksmith shop. Terms of payment easy.

E. O. RANDALL.

West Glover, Vt., January 4, 1872. 1-26

MARY A. SKINNER'S ESTATE.

STATEOF VERMONT, Orleans District, ss In Probate Court, held at Irasburgh, in said district, on the 4th day of January, A. D. 1872. Hanry Cutler, administrator of the estate of Mary A Skinner, late of Barton, in said district, deceased, pre sents his administration account for examination an allowance, and makes application for a decree of dis-Tribution and partition of the estate of said deceased.

Whereupon, it is ordered by said court, that said account and said application be referred to a session thereof, to be held at the Probate office in said Irasburgh, on the 25th day of January, A. D. 1872, for hearing and decision thereog.

ing and decision thereon.

And it is further ordered, that notice hereof be given to all persons interested, by publication of the same three weeks successively in the Monitor, a newspaper

published at Earton, previous to said time appointed for hearing, that they may appear at said time and place, and show cause, if any they may have, why said account should not be allowed, and such decree made.

By the court—Attest,

1.5

L. S. THOMPSON, Register.

GET THE BEST.

BUSH'S ARGENTINE HAIR DYE, long and favor ably known to the public, stands peeriess and unrival-led. It is the best, quickest, cheapest, the most nat-ural, durable, harmless, and effectual Hair Dye in the world. It colors bair or whiskers brown or black in-stantaneously, and gives them a perfectly natural ap-pearance, and is unattended with any injurious effect. Regular package, with brush and sponge complete, only \$1.00. GBO. C. GOODWIN & CO. Sold by all Written for the Monitor.

BY A. L. M.

You ask what money 'll do? well, I opine That you suggest what's no concern of mine A judge unbiased say I, to begin it. For I've no principal nor interest in it. Yet, notwithstanding none falls to my lot, I'll tell you what 'twill do and what 'twill not Twill give you fame and so-called reputation, Raise your ideas,—'tis famous for inflation— Twill give you place, celebrity, renown And make a ruler of the veriest clown. 'Twill build you splendid houses; purchase land For the foundation—tho' it be of sand; Buy equipage, emblazon coats of arms; No earthly power can stand its glittering charms. Justice grows blind when dazzled with its power. Twill make black white, heat cold, and sweet tu Twill buy in church a softly cushioned pew

Where one can sit and sleep the sermon through

And though it is not strictly orthodoxy
The parson will absolve your sins by proxy;

For often times—and no one can deny— It buys a sent in enurch, but not on High. Tis, at the legal bar, in strength a tower, While at the final bar it has no power. And, at the end 'twill not prolong your breath Nor for a moment stay the arm of death. Johnny Maguire, whose father lost his life While at the front engaged in deadly strife, saw his poor mother and sister dear. Freezing and starving with no succor near; And did what when of legal terms divested, Means stole a loaf of bread, and was arrested And taken to the lock-up, thence to trial, And pleaded guilty—making no denial.

The judge awoke and mumbled to the clerk Who said "Ten dollars fine and leave to work Around the 'Institution' 'til it's paid ;" As Johnny had no stamps of course he staid Full many a weary month from his mother, And sister, too, who dearly loved her brother Had John Maguire by nature been a villain, He'd never stole a thing not worth a shilling. If he had only robbed the Orleans Bank le'd be a cracksman of superior rank.

And dictate terms to those he had wronged, Making defence with what to them belonged. Then he could hold communion with detective And laughing let the owners had invectives. He'd make pretensions to divide the pelf. ned, though, to keep it all him Tis money by which many a suit is won; 'Tis that which makes the female nag to run, It helps to find a wife for many a beau, And vice versa you all must know. Almira Jenkins, with one eye askew, Was unmolested up to forty two, When by a providential dispensation She got a fortune from a near relation. Them swarmed the suitors; every sort and size Each one intent on bearing off the prize. They came in carts and every sort of carriage, All with a single purpose—that of marriage They came so fast she called on the police And bound them one and all to keep the neace Her father then addressed the swaying crowd And told them that Almira felt quite proud fer father said his daughter hade him say

Of seeing such admirers; and he said She'd made her will which he proposed to read "The will! the will!" the anxious lovers eried "O, what a splendid, lovely, charming bride." hat she would wed one who would longest stay After the will was read. "Agreed" cried all; And then they sung "We won't go home till fall." The will was thus; "I give without conditi My fortune to the worthy foreign mission." ight about, face! the crowd their coat tails showin They stood not on the order of their going" But went full speed and every one as fast As he could get along and not be last. These are but samples. I could tell you more if I had space. I know, at least, a score. lowing how potent money is. Refuse t not, however, for 'tis good to use. but use it as you should, "Twill give relief," And often times assuage some born one's grief And mitigate the sorrows of some poor

cluded outcast knocking at your doo

Get what you do get, fairly. If you love it, Remember the commandment, "Do not covet,"

Here is a new story about Dean Richmond: A modest printer's devil in Albany entered the magnate's office, fearing that he would be rudely rebuffed when he made his mission known. After a moment's hesitation, he said, falteringly: "Mr. Richmond, I believe?" "Yes; what do you want of me?" "I should like, sir, to get a pass from Albany to Buffalo." "On what grounds do you ask for a pass?" (This with a rising and very rough voice.) 'On the grounds, sir, that I don't want to pay my fare." Richmond, without another word, wrote out a pass and handed it to the applicant. The boy took it, saving, "Thank you; thank you, Mr. Richmond." "You needn't thank me; I'm d-d glad to accommodate you. You are the first person I've ever known, by G-, to ask for a pass on the right

INHUMAN CRUELTY TO AN INFANT, -A man named Eli Stowand his wife have been arrested at Windsor, Broome county, N. Y., for terribly ill treating their infant child, eighteen months old. It appears that the child was whipped by its father until it was literally black and blue from its waist down to its feet .--Here and there upon its little body were also deep incisions, from which the blood was oozing. The reason assigned by the unnatural parent for this treatment fused to tell him its name! The man and his wife belong to a sect called the Nazarites, and a Mrs. Blatchley, who is an apostle and oracle among them, asserted that the child was the possessor of an evil spirit, and its father had been compelled to whip the evil out of it. To assist the spirit in making its exit from the lacerated body of the infant, according to this prophetess, the latter had been placed upon a high stool, without support to its back or feet, where it had been sitting for twenty-three hours, when its grandfather, who had been informed of the state of affairs, made his appearance and put a stop to further cruelties. These details seem too horrible for belief, but are declared by a correspondent true. The father and mother have been held for trial in \$500 bail each.

A California hunter, who went ten miles to where game was plenty, and then found that he had brought a box of pills instead of percussion-caps, re- happy. But that evening as she hushed one has in all probability got lodging turned home in disgust.

For the Monitor. MONEY. The Coral Ring.

> The fast falling snow was whirling frantically before the wind which was whistling round the closely curtained windows and double doors of Mr. Stanley's stately mansion. It howled down the chimney as though maddened by the warm fire below, before which Mrs. Stanley calmly sat warming her feet. It was a fearful storm. The wind was driving the snow in all directions, but it was all unfelt by Mr. and Mrs. Stanley as they sat before the glowing grate in their cozy parlor; he in his dressing gown and slippers, reading the evening paper; she leaning back in her easy chair, holding a delicate piece of embroidery which was lying forgotten in

her small white hands. "It's a bitter cold night," said he,

tossing aside the paper. "Yes, it is cold; and what a storm." said she, speaking in a dreamy way, which plainly told that her thoughts were not confined to the storm; and as she added, 'May the Lord have mercy upon the poor," it was evident that her thoughts were not entirely confined to their suf-

But as she sat looking into the blazing fire her thoughts had been wandering far away over the dreamy past, back to the home of her childhood, and dwelling upon the many happy hours she had spent there, playing with her little twin sister Minnie. Mr. Stanley, with a yawn, has returned to his paper; and while she is dreaming of the past we will take glance around the room and give a tho't to their past lives. The apartment is richly furnished; costly pictures hang suspended from the walls; an elegant carpet is beneath their feet, and everything around the room is a display of

taste and wealth. Lewis Stanley is a wealthy lawyer, about thirty-five years of age. Ten years before he had won the heart and hand of a fair young lady by the name of Linnie Winslow, and transplanted her, like some delicate flower, from her home to become the light and joy of his. She was an adopted daughter of Henry Winslow. Her parents had been stricken down by the hand of desease, and she and her twin sister Minnie, at the age of eleven years, were left almost alone in the world. After her marriage with Mr. Stanley they resided a short time in Boston, when a sudden change in his business called him to Lynn. After five years residence there he, allured by a more flattering opportunity for practicing all. law, with his wife and child removed to New York. But a few weeks after coming to the city he learned of a desirable residence about two miles from the noise and bustle of the city. It had been the property of a merchant who had engaged too largely in speculation, and his financial affairs becoming entangled he had failed, and the property was to be sold within thirty days. So the residence was purchased by Mr. Stanley, and Mr. Sullivan, the broken merchant, with his lovely young wife and boy, left their fine

home and moved to a distant part of the city, and Mr. and Mrs. Stanley went to their new home; and here four years later we find them reclining in their velvet cushioned chairs, he reading of stocks, bonds and mortgages; the rise and fall of his offspring was that the child re- in the price of butter and cheese, or meditating the chances of his last case at law, while she is dreaming of the time es threw a cooling shade over the door of their father's cottage. Well she re-

for the reason that it was the last like ly away death had invaded their happy SHARPERS BITTEN BY THEIR INTENDED and peaceful home, and its cold icy hand friends and her beautiful children. Then She smiled a sad smile—the first that VICTIM. -An elderly gentleman was re- had left desolation in place of the happy with a fond kiss upon each fair brow she had passed her pale lips for many long cently "confidenced" on a train running home circle, and left the little twin sisinto Keokuk by sharpers, who induced ters almost alone in the world, while the for thoughts would arise of those less fa- sleep. But very different was her bed him to buy a draft (worthless) on Buffa- loving hearts and tender hands that had vored than herself-of poor forlorn ones than that upon which Mrs. Stanley had lo for \$157.40, he paying them two \$100 | cherished them were lying cold and si- without friends or home, not even where | that evening sought repose. Her covbills, and they paying him \$42.60 in lent beneath the sod. Little Minnie to lay their heads. She thought of her ering was a mantle of cold white snow change. The conductor on the train was taken into the family of an uncle, own little Lula, wondering what she while Mrs. Stanley uneasily slumbered took the first opportunity to quietly sug- who afterwards went to the far west .gest to the innocent old gentleman that | The sisters had worn their rings until he was afraid the draft was a fraud .- they could no longer wear them upon nocent little Lula, how would she with-"Well," was the bland response of the their fingers. Then, wishing to preserve imperturbable greeny, "if it is any big- them as their dear parents' last gift, would she be thrown upon the cold charger fraud than my two one hundred dol- they attached them to their chains and lar notes were, than I am not forty-three | always were them. Time passed rapiddollars ahead-which I think I am. I ly, as it always does. After years came am not in the habit of dealing in coun- the news of Minnie's marriage to a Mr. terfeit currency, but I always keep a lit- Elliott. Four years later came the sad tle of that stuff about me for the benefit | tidings of the decease of Minnie Elliott: of that sort of customers." and long did Linnie Stanley mourn for turedly, "its hard freezing such as those her darling twin sister. But as time who go round begging, sponging their rolled on, in her pleasant home surround- living out of honest people's earnings;

fingers seemed to cling to the caain hersel any more trouble about it." around its neck-the same chain which its mother had worn so long but had soon engaged in snoring at a furious rate. to her mistress, with her sleeves rolled up and disheloth in hand, exclaiming: "Well, marm, what's to be done?"

asked Mrs. Stanley. at the door who is a beggin', she is, an'

sure she's a starvin', she is." "Well, give her something to eat and | My readers perhaps have guessed that send her away."

night, she does."

her to the kitchen and give her something to eat and then send her away." would be afther sendin' a poor crathur ruby ips had lisped the name "mother."

out in the storm on such a night as this?" said the kind hearted Bridget, shivering at the thought, and placing her broad foot upon the warm grate. main in my house over night. Who at the head of society, was heard of no knows but she has some infectious dis- more; her name went down, and the rab-

than a snow drift, an' sure it would."

a robber in disguise, who would take leave in the night with everything valuable she could lay hands upon?"

eyes, that I know she'd niver harm a

the entrance of Bridget. will sit up all the long, long night, sir, prosperity and to-morrow shrink and to watch her that she does no harm at

"It's no use talking, Bridget," said Mrs. Stanley, rising and taking a half dollar from a costly portemonnaie. Here, give her that and let me hear no more about it, for she is, without doubt, some worthless person altogether undeserving of the hospitality already bestowed upon

Bridget left the apartment, hastily shutting the door, and muttering as she went, "May the Lord have mercy on the poor, for it's little of it they'll git anywhere else.'

Mrs. Stanley's cheeks flushed upon hearing the echo of her own words, but she took up her work with a satisfied air, saving to herself, "I know it is a dreadfully cold night, but I cannot make our house an asylum for beggars, and few people would have shown her as much charity as I have." And yet, the little woman in her easy chair before the fire

beneath the trees, whose waving branch- woman may perish in this storm." thanked the kind Giver for the home, kind retired for the night, but not to sleep, would be, if her life was spared, when she grew to be a woman : her own instand the many temptations of life, or ities of the world? She thought it over until the idea became so painful that she remarked to her husband

beggar may perish in this storm." "Oh, no, my dear;" said he good na-

ed by loving friends, she became very they get toughened to storms, and this her little baby Lula to sleep, (for that somewhere; and if they all treated her with a bound, and rubbing his eyes to the best step to amendment.

she considered a sacred duty never to be as well as you have she will make a good get them wide open, inquired what was left entirely to servants) long after the living and lay up money besides; so I blue eves had closed the chubby little hope by chicken-hearted wife won't give

So saying, he turned over and was been transferred by a mother's loving Mrs. Itanley endeavored to compose herhand to her darling babe. And as she | self, and at last fell into an uneasy slumlaid the little sleeper in its snug, warn ber-and there let us leave them, to take crib, the fingers were still clasping the a look at the poor forlorn beggar as she tiny ring; and when Mrs. Stanley re- turned from their door. Sick at heart turned and seated herself by the fire, it and wary of life, she passed over the was but to think of the past and her threshold and down the walk that her childhood's home. But her reverie was feet hall pressed many times before. As suddenly interrupted by the door being she rached the gate she paused and thrown open by Bridget, who walked up leaned her weary frame heavily against the friendly support. There she had many times in the past stood and watched the bright stars of evening as one by "Why, what is the matter, Bridget?" one tley came twinkling into view .-There beneath the grand old trees, in about it." "Well, marm, there is a poor crather the ool, delightful summer evenings. she had walked with those who had prized the love of her heart.

this oor woman was once the mistress "But, marm, she wants to stay all of that stately mansion. Yes, this is the once wealthy Mrs. Sullivan who lived "We cannot allow it, Bridget; take here n luxury. In those very rooms where Mrs. S.'s children nestled in her arms, there her own sweet child had "An' would it be the likes o' ye that clung to her with tenderness; and the She was the wife of that broken merchant whose failure had left but a mere pittage. With that he removed to a distart part of the city, and the proud "I tell you I cannot allow her to re- and happy Mrs. Sullivan, who had stood ease? Just to think of her sleeping in bling tide of society closed as though one of my clean beds! why, we might the pretty lady with mild blue eyes and all take the small pox or some other fair hair had never had her place among them. Mr. Sullivan again attempted to "If she could slape on the warm rug get into business but failed. But as by the fire, marm, that would be better time passed brightening prospects allured him on, until still engaged in specu-"Yes; but who knows but she may be lations he embarked for Savannah in an ill-fated vessel and was heard from no more, and the frail, delicate Mrs. Sullivan was left in the city to support her-"No indade, marm; she is a little wake, self and child by sewing or doing any delicate crathur, with such pretty blue kind of work she could find to do. She had borne up bravely against the tide of misfortunes which came rushing on in an "Then she is probably some profligate, overwhelming tide, until her precious who would disgrace our house if permit- boy, the only romaining link which bound to remain, said Mr. Stanley, looking her to life, was seized by the merciless up from his paper for the first time since hand of disease and she was left in the cold world alone. What a sad change, "An' sure, sir, if ye'll be so kind as O, cruel reverse of fortune! O, stern, reto let the wee bit of a crathur stay by lentless fate! But such is life. To-day the fire to-night it's meself, it is, sir, as we may bask in the sunny smiles of

But to return to our story:

tremble before the frowns of adversity.

To-day we exultingly stand upon the

topmost wave; to-morrow we are plunged

She felt that her heart was broken; that the last ray of light, hope or joy was crushed out of her life forever; and her health being so impaired by want and sorrow that she was unable to-work. She was compelled to beg from door to door, and in her aimless wanderings had returned to her former home, that her eves might once more behold the place where she had been so happy. But her truest friend would never have recognized in the pale face, hollow cheek and sunken eyes the once bright and gay Mrs. Sullivan, whose beaming eyes and joyous smiles were like sunshine in the dwelling. And there, after taking one more look, with burning tears swelling from the depths of her saddened eves she when she and little Minnie wandered | could not feel quite at case; the unwel- turns to leave her dear old home. Blindover the green fields, or played in the come thoughts would present themselves ed by the falling snow, she almost lost brook which went dancing and singing to her mind, - "If others will not do the her way. She reached the next house through the meadow; or when they sat duty which I have left undone the poor where she asked for admittance, but was roughly turned away. With a sinking She arose; went to the window and heart she struggled onward a few rods looked out. Shivering involuntarily she when her trembling limbs could go no membered how, on their tenth birth day, turned to the crib where her little blue- farther, and benumbed she sank in the they had found under their plates at eved cherub was sleeping, to see if she snow. She vainly endeavored to rouse breakfast, each the tiniest coral ring that | was warmly covered, then to the cozy cot | herself once more, but her strength was ever graced a fairy finger, and a shining | where little Harry was resting his tired | exhausted. All at once it became dark golden chain with a charm attached, up- limbs, getting ready for the next day's and her fast glazing eyes could see no on which was engraved their names- play. She gave an extra tuck to the more; but a delightful sense of warmth Linnie and Minnie. That was a happy warm blankets, and brushing back the came stealing over her which brought to day for them, the events of which were soft curls from his brow tenderly kissed her mind bright visions of green fields more vividly impressed upon her memory | the ruby lips. Long she lingered, fond- and sunny summer saies. She felt no occasion which they spent together, for kneeling by the little crib, she murmur- fancied she was a child again and was before another short year had passed ed a prayer for her little ones, and once more listening to the sweet voice of months-then heavily closed her eyes t heavy quilts and mufflers. But her rest was broken, and she dreamed that her baby Lula had suddenly developed into a beautiful woman and was lost in the cold, wide world, and in her fruitless search for her she was buried in the depths of a huge drift of snow. She "I cannot help fearing that that poor frantically called to her husband, but he heard not her cries. She thought of her home that she could never see more, and with a wild shriek she awoke and sprang weeping from her bed. Snatching her sleeping child from its crib she pressed it tightly to her heart. Her sudden cry

had such a dreadful dream.'

"A dream! Oh, ho! is that all we had got to have the doctor here in five minutes. There, don't cry any more," said he soothingly, "but get Lula to sleep and come to bed again.'

of the apartment when they were startled by a loud ring at the door, and the gruff voice of a neighbor called out

jist been found in a snow drift a little way from our house, an' I jist thought's best to let somebody know somethin'

The house was soon in confusion. All gathered round to hear the news.

"What have you done with her?" asked Mr. Stanley.

"Done with her? why, nothin'; don't s'pose there's nothin' to be done till an inquest is held."

"But are you quite sure she is dead?" asked Mrs. Stanley. "Perhaps if proper means were used she might be re-

"No, 'taint no kind er use a tryin' to bring her to life, cause, ve see, she's nobody but a beggar woman, without nobody to see to her, and's my old woman says, if she was brung to life why ye see we'd only have her to take care on, an' there's plenty 'nough on 'em left for us to see arter, so this'n won't be missed I eckon; she's a gone, sartin sure, an' I guess we can spare her."

"Let her be brought here at once," said Mrs. Stanley, whose really kind heart was shocked at so much want of

The servants, accompanied by Mr.

Stanley, went out and were not long in

finding the object of their search. Ten-

derly they raised her in their arms and

bore her to the house, forgetting, in their sympathy, that she was only a poor beggar. With careful hands they placed her upon a sofa in a cold room, that the little spark of life which remained might not be quenched by the sudden contact of heat and cold, for she vet breathed. Mrs. Stanley, with her own jeweled hand and embroidered handkerchief, wiped the frost from her palid lips and brow .-While removing her scanty clothing, and brushing the snow from her neck and bosom, her eve caught sight of something shining on her cold white breast Surprised, she hastily drew it forth, and lo! a tiny cora! ring and a shining charm upon which was marked Minnie, lay in her hand. Awe stricken, she stood and "Boys, the one that sells the most bebeneath the billows and out of sight, perher twin sister Minnie; then with the pattern as a present." Maybe we didn't

connected with her past .. upon an ottoman at her feet, she told business several years. There they hap- | collar-band. pily lived until his failure, and the rest

"But how could that dreadful mistake occur?" asked Mrs. Stanley, "I certainly heard that you were dead.'

"The Minnie Elliott of whose death you heard was one of my husband's relations, who happened to bear the name of Minnie. She died after we had left the place. I have lived, dear sister, but bitter as death has been my cup of sor-"Yes," said Mrs. Stanley, "and long

have been the years that we have been separated, but we will thank the kind Providence which has at last brought us together, and you shall never, never Years have passed since then, and

Mrs. Sullivan, though she never recovered her health entirely, found peace and happiness in her sister's home, whose children learned to love her as her own. and joy and sunshine again returned. and ever among their most precious treasures were preserved the coral rings.

If we are good, example is the best awoke Mr. Stanley who came to her side

Moral Sussion .- There is nothing like "moral sussion." It has grown to "O," said she, still in tears, "I have be a great and controlling institution. The best example of the same occurred in San Francisco recently. You Well there, now, I do declare, that isn't | well know-if not, I can inform you worth giving a fellow such a fright over. | thereon-that the chief city of Cali-Why, I thought the baby was dying and | fornia is frequently, if not oftener, infested by Chinamen. An acquaintance of ours was junior partner and occasional salesman in a firm whose business it was to sell fish-hooks, cod Silence had hardly taken possession lines, rope's ends, and other odds and ends. One day, a John Chinaman, followed by a train of about ten of his countrymen, ranged tandem fash-"Halloo, Stanley! there's a woman ion, entered the establishment, and after peering around for a few seconds,

> exclaimed: "Cotton seine twine-got him?" "Yes!" was the answer.

"How much takee?" "One dollar a pound."

"Um! give fifty cents!" "Get out!" said the junior partner. with a menacing gesture, and John Chinaman departed, followed by his

tail and his countrymen. The train passed and re-passed the door several times, and at length reentered. John looking around as though he had never been there before again inquired:

"Cotton seine twine-got him?" " Yes!"

"How much takee?" "One dollar a pound!"

"Um! give seventee-five cents." "Get out!" cried the excited partner, and the Chinese population departed as before.

The wild geese procession paraded past a few times, and then re-entered The spokesmam, after gazing around some time, lifted up his voice a third time, and thus he spoke:

"Cotton seine twine-got him?"

"How much takee?"

The salesman whispered to Patrick,

the porter, to hand him a cleaver. This had, he grasped the astonished John Chinaman with his left hand, and raising his cleaver with his right, "One dollar a pound!!!"

and velled out: "I takee one hundred pound!" The bargain was thereon closed. So much for moral suasion.

John gave one look at the cleaver,

another at the face of the salesman,

THE CLERK'S STORY .- When I used to tend store at Syracuse, the old man came around one day and says he: gazed upon her long lost darling sister; tween now and Christmas gets a vest words, "O, my darling Minnie!" she work for that vest pattern! I tell you threw her arms about her and sank in- there were some tall stories told in praise sensible by her side. Mrs. Stanley was of goods just about that time; but the taken to her room and cared for by Mr. tallest talker and the one who had the Stanley while the servants, under the most cheek of any of us was a certain guidance of a skillful physician, resorted | Jonah Squires who roomed with me. He to every means within their power for could take a dollar out of a man's pocket the restoration of Minnie. Long they when he only intended to spend a sixlabored, when at last consciousness, ac- pence; and the women. Lord bless you, companied by intense agony, seemed re- they just handed over their pocket-books turning, but for days and weeks she seem- to him, and let him lay out what he ed lingering between life and death .- liked for them. One night Jonah waked Tenderly was she guarded by her affec- me up with, "By Jove, old fellow, if you tionate sister, who had learned a lesson think that ere's cotton in it, I'll bring never to be forgotten. Night and day down the sheep that it was cut from she was by her side. And kind hearted and make him own his own wool. 'Twont Bridget nursed her with all the loving | wear out, either; I wore a pair of pants care she could have bestowed upon a lov- of that stuff for five years, and they are ing sister. Long, weary weeks dragged as good now as when I first put them on. slowly by ere she was able to converse. Take it at thirty cents, and I'll say you or had strength to explain the mystery | don't owe me anything. Eh, too dear? Well, call it twenty-eight cents. What But one day after she was able to sit d've sav? Shall I tear it? All right, up for a short time, reclining in the same | it's a bargain." I could feel Jonah's velvet cushioned chair previously men- hand playing about the bed-clothes for tioned, while Mrs. Stanley was sitting an instant, then rip, tear went something or other, and I hid my head under the her how she had married Mr. Elliott, blankets, perfectly convulsed with laughwho lived but three years after their ter, and sure that Jonah had torn the marriage. After that she married Mr. best sheet from top to bottom. When I Sullivan, the merchant, and came with awoke the next morning I found that the him to New York, where he had been in | back of my shirt was split from tail to

INTERESTING TO DRINKERS .- Prof. Silliman, of Yale College, has analyzed a bottle of what purported to be the best brandy found in Connecticut, and found in it 583 grains of solid matter, ingredients foreign to pure liquor. Pure liquor rarely contains over fifty grains, and this is generally burnt sugar put in to color it. The foreign substances used for adulterating this liquor were alum, iron, sulphuric acid, essential oil of some kind (but not the same as is used in making poor liquors), burnt sugar and other organic matter with it, among which was tannic acid, Guinea pepper, a coloring extract of Samuga tea, lead and copper. After the Professor had analyzed it, he pronounced and labeled the concoction whisky. The socalled brandy was, therefore, nothing bnt whisky, fixed up with poisonous drugs to imitate the pure article of French brandy. The only real wonder one has after reading of such a villainons concoction is, that its manufacturer was so extravagant as to use whisky in it. For people who would drink such lustre of virtue; if we are bad, shame is | brandy, a basis of sulphuric acid would | have done quite as well.

What three great authors would a person name who witnessed the Chicago fire? Dickens, Howitt, Burns.

Josh Billings says of a mule, that he is a larger bird than the goose or the turkey; he has two legs to stand on, two to kick with, his wings are situated on the rop of his head.

A good book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know how justly to appreciate their value. There are men, however, who judge of both from the beauty of the covering.

Poverty is, except where there is an actual want of food and raiment, a thing much more imaginary than real. The shame of poverty-the shame of being thought poor-is a great and fatal weak-

A Wisconsin paper having exulted over the fact of its coming out in a new dress, a rival sheet remarks: "In this, as in everything else, they are an age behind our office, which was supplied with new material years ago."

The landlady of a hotel said to a boarder: "Look e'here! I want vou to pay your bill, and you must! I have asked you often enough for it; and I tell you now that you don't leave the house until you have paid it." "Good!" said the lodger, "I'll stay with you as long as I live."

"James! James!" cried an author's wife, "I have been calling you this half hour, and dinner is getting quite cold." "Oh! is sit? Well, you know, I have property, of course, comes to his nephew, Charles, and I am marrying him to Emily. Keep the mutton hot till the ceremony is over, there's a dear."

CHANGE OF GAUGE.—The European and North American Railway is to change to the narrow gauge another Summer, thus making one gauge from Halifax to Boston, New York and Chicago. It is also rumored that the Grand Trunk will follow its example, though this cannot be done without the consent of the Governor-General of Canada.

A demure looking chap hailed a charcoal peddler with the query, 'Have you got charcoal in your wagon? 'Yes sir,' said the expectant driver, stopping his horses. 'That's right,' observed the demure chap, with an approving nod; 'always tell the truth and people will respect you!" And he hurried on, much to the regret of the peddler, who was getting out of the wagon to look for

THE END OF TEN YEARS' SUNDAY LA-BOR .- The Boston correspondent of the Springfield Republican says that Collector Russell has brought home from Fayal a very discouraging story at the expense of the school-ship, of which he is the foster-father and dry-nurse. Directly on landing at Faval the Collector made his way to the Consul's office, amid a crowd of sailors who had a grievance to lay before that official, and among their talk he heard this declaration concerning his pet boys: "The meanest sailors in the service," said they, "are these dirty little fellows from the Yankee chool-ship at Boston; they are bound for hell anyway, and by the shortest cut." "To think," said the Collector, as he sadly told the story, "that this is the end of all my Sunday labors for these last ten years." It is almost as discouraging to him as trying to make the people of Massachusetts take Butler

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER .- During the trial of Mrs. Wharton at Annapolis, last week, the following colloquy occurred between the Attorney General and Dr. Warren, a distinguished physician of Baltimore, who was under cross-examination:

to be able to give an opinion of a disease without making mistakes. Witness-Thy are as capable as

Attorney General-A doctor ought

Attorney General-Doctor's mistakes are buried six feet under ground; a lawvers' are not. Witness-But they are sometimes

hung on a tree!

A DISCOURAGED PATRIOT.-Ethan Allen once passed up through the Hoosac valley and spent the Sabbath with a friend in Williamstown, attending church with his family. The first and second presidents of Willams college were square-toed in their orthodoxy, having far more faith in Divine wrath and justice than in His love and mercy-and their sermons gave evidence of their obedience to belief. On this Sabbath, the text of the worthy president Fitch was, "And if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner arpear?" Firstly-he laid it down as a fact beyond question that not one in 1000 would be saved. Secondly, thirdly to twelftly-he said not one in 50,000 could be saved.-Ethan Allen said, "any of you are welcome to my chance, if 'tis as slim as he tells of!" and left the church.